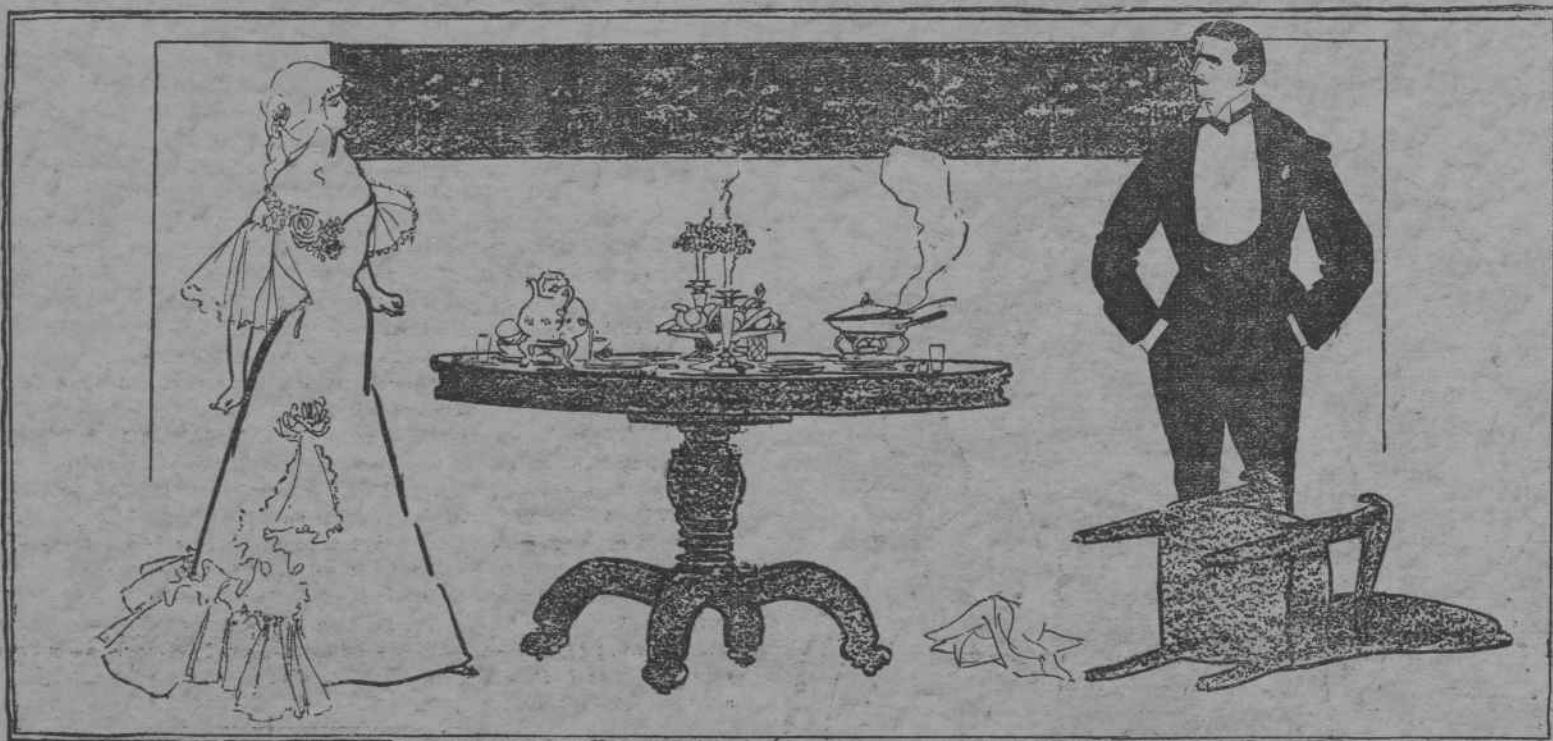


# The Sunday Dinner and the Servant Question.



6 P. M. Sunday.

**T**HE average twelve-hour-a-day business man, who scarcely ever passes twenty-four hours without a twinge of dyspepsia, as come to the conclusion that it is all the fault of the 2 o'clock Sunday dinner, which takes the place of the customary 6 o'clock meal.

The servant girl is to blame, and, thus the business man contends, it is no use paying doctors' bills and trying to do away with the evils of chronic dyspepsia until the servant girl question is settled.

Shall he continue a martyr to her frown out, or shall he mutiny en masse and demand his Sunday dinner in the evening, as usual, and conquer the national ailment at one fell swoop.

And it is true that this change of meal hour is disastrous to the digestive organs.

Dr. George F. Shrady thinks so, and he is authority on the matter.

"The custom of having one set of meal hours during the week and another on Sunday is simply barbaric," is his verdict.

"It is following the habits of the savages as closely as we can," he continued. "They feast one day and fast the next. But unfortunately, though we may imitate their senseless method of feeding, we cannot follow their example of outdoor living and copy them in a matter of excellent digestion."

"The stomach, like the muscles, must have a certain amount of work to do in order to keep in good working order. There must also be regularity of work, just as a man who cultivates his muscles trains them a certain number of hours every day, not one or two days out of a week. In consideration of these facts, the custom of transferring the dinner hour from 6 o'clock to 1 o'clock on Sundays is nothing more nor less than an invitation to indigestion sent out by ninety-nine per cent of the American people every seventh day of the week."

"It is only necessary to make a few inquiries among business men to find that the invitations is pretty generally accepted."

It is very easy to understand the evils of this system when viewed from a medical standpoint.

"The digestive secretions are poured out in the stomach and ready for action with the regularity of clockwork. At an hour when a man is accustomed to dining the stomach, like a well-trained servant, prepares itself for action, so much so that a man can tell from his feelings when it is time to dine. Now, if the regular hour slips by and the stomach is left empty the moisture is reabsorbed and later on, when food is taken, there is no secretion to receive it. It cannot be digested, and dyspepsia is the result."

And this is just what happens every Sunday in the average household. Breakfast is served from one to three hours later than usual. The fluid of the digestive organs is all reabsorbed long before food is served, and then, to make matters still worse, inside of an hour or two, with the stomach in a state of absolute rebellion, a hearty dinner is added. Mutiny is the result, all comfort is thrown overboard and the captain is lucky if he does not lose his life on the voyage.

"No wonder 'blue Monday' is the portion of the great majority of professional and commercial men in this country. Monday would lose something of its azure hue and not a few digestive ferment manufacturers would



Cook Out with Her Young Man.

What Can One Eat?

have to make assignments if there could be a law regulating meal hours throughout the week. It is really a far more important matter for legislation than how many sandwiches a man must eat to be entitled to a glass of beer."

"Undoubtedly the servant question will be involved in righting the wrong. The country's digestion is as nothing in the estimation of the cooks compared with her afternoon off. The American Eagle can crow lustily about her achievements when it comes to controlling disease by enlightened methods of quarantine, vaccination, etc., but it seemingly droops its wings and is silent in the presence of 'custom' and kitchen tyranny."

"An easy way to settle the matter for the farmer or mechanic is to dine at noon every day in the week. This is the healthiest plan for the physical laborer. As an old farmer once said to me, 'What I likes at 12 o'clock is plenty of corned beef and cabbage. Then me stomach has something to chew on all day.' But if the man who lives by his brain took corned beef and cabbage at noon his work would suffer, or his digestion would, which is still worse. The man who converts his brain into coin will never cope with the dyspepsia problem successfully until he puts down his foot, regardless of the presence of Biddy, on the 1 o'clock Sunday dinner."

Dr. Cyrus W. Edson has views very similar to those of Dr. Shrady.

"If there is such a thing as a national disease America can unquestionably claim dyspepsia as her own," he said.

"It is the exception, not the rule, to find a man or woman who has escaped the familiar pangs of indigestion."

"The confusion which the digestive organs suffer from the changing of the dinner hour on Sunday is undoubtedly one factor among many that are converting the American stomach into a mechanism so delicate and unmanageable

that it is becoming a source of perpetual misery. And it is not merely the noon-day dinner on Sunday that is playing the mischief with the nation's digestive apparatus. The late breakfast that almost immediately precedes the dinner must take its share of the responsibility. It is an unfortunate fact that the stomach can only digest one meal at a time, and must take its own time about that. On Sunday mornings it is busy with the late breakfast for at least two hours and a half, and probably three, for every portion of the body is relaxed on the day of rest. Hence, when dinner is announced, the work is still going on, and not only is interrupted, but the digestive fluids temporarily exhausted. The dinner cannot be assimilated, and Sunday afternoon which should be a time of recreation and rest, is given up to a feeling of sadness and longing and a general sensation of irritation toward the whole world."

"For the professional man to dine at noon, every day is going from bad to worse. Why? He hasn't time to bolt his lunch at that hour, and what would he do with a hearty dinner? Dining at night, after the work of business is over, is a mere matter of self-preservation. The average business man would starve if he attempted to dine at noon. No, the reform must begin on Sunday, doing away with the vicious habit of shoving the dinner up into the middle of the day and holding to one rule for dining throughout the week."

"It is perhaps well to add that this method of upsetting the digestive organs is not merely a question of temporary discomfort; in the long run it means a permanent disorder, known—and well known, alas!—as chronic indigestion."